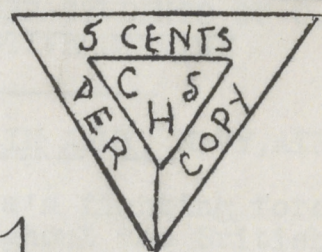
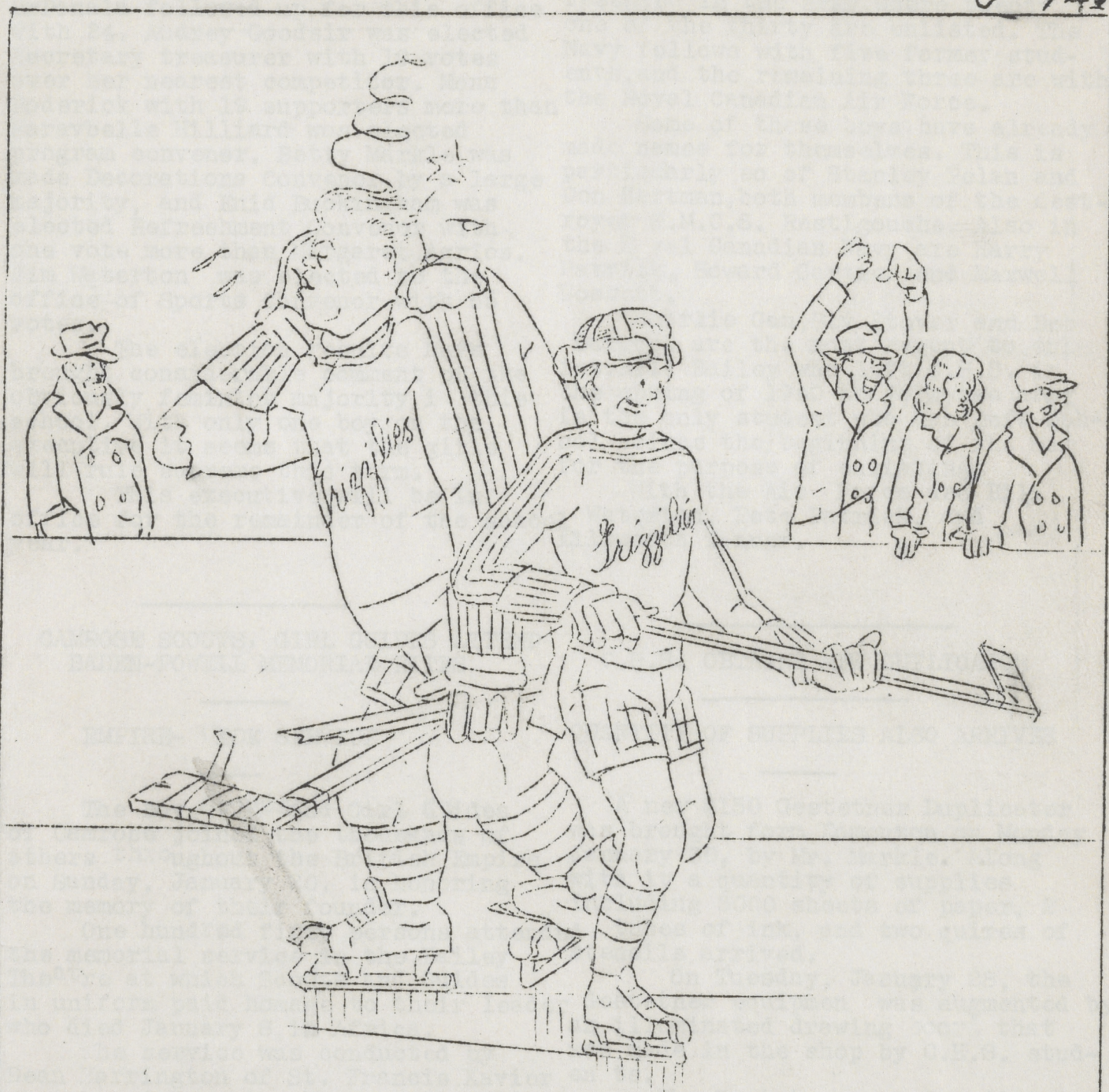


ROYAL BLUE and GOLD



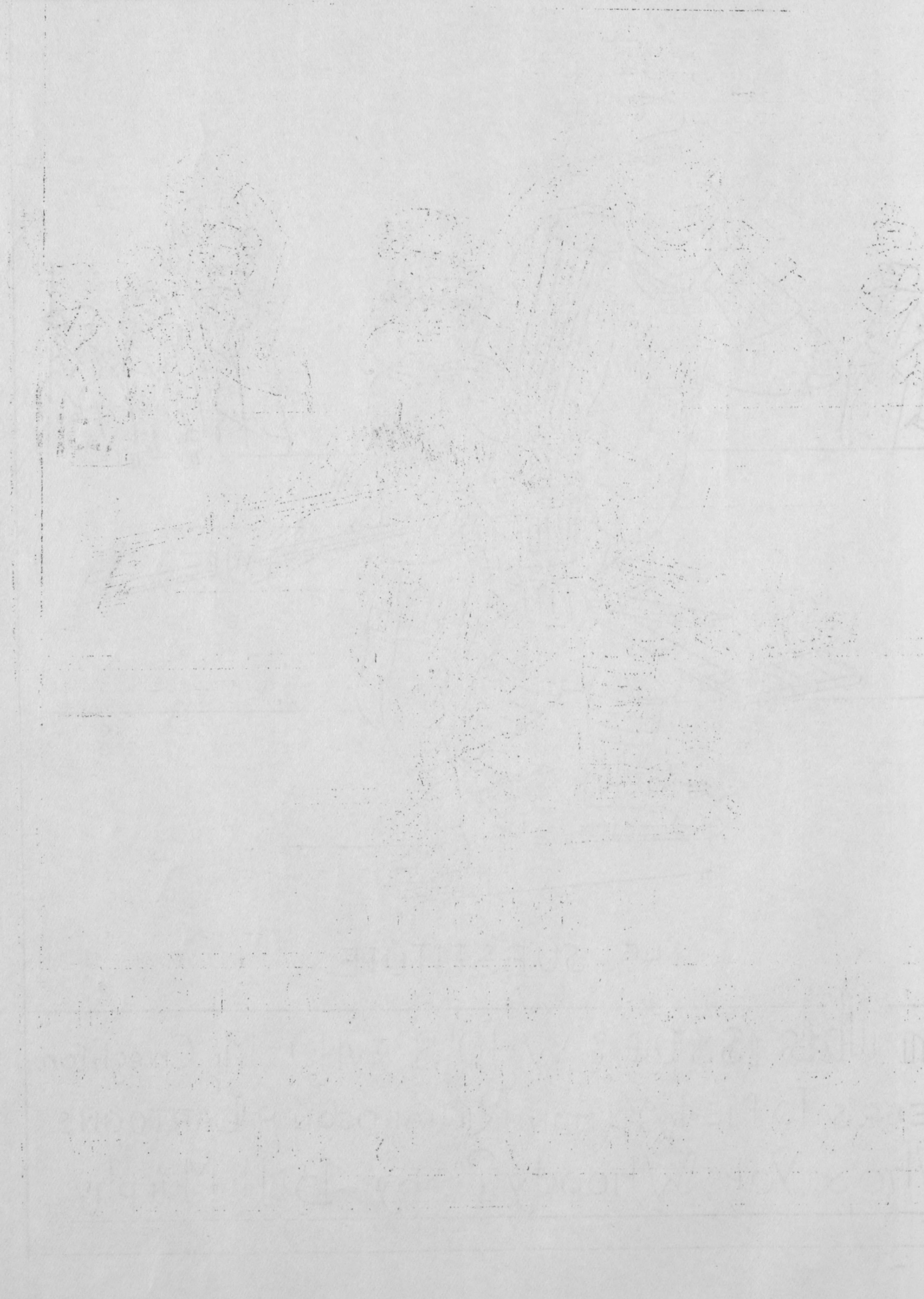
CAMROSE HIGH — January 31/41



THE SUBSTITUTE

In this issue : WHO'S WHO - Mr Crieghton
PEER'S TO ME • by YOEMAN RICHARDSON • CARTOONS
Who's Yet Whoody? by Bill Murphy

ROBERT B. THE
and GOLD
CAMBROSE HIGH - January 21



NEWS SECTION
EDITOR / CORRINNE ST. PIERRE

SECOND TERM ELECTIONS

BLANCHE McCARTY PRESIDENT

Election of the second term executive was held on Monday, January 27. Blanche McCarty won the presidency with 65 votes, a margin of nine over Russ Sanderson. Anne Herman was made Vice President with 35 votes and Bob McDonald followed up for this office with 24. Audrey Goodsir was elected Secretary treasurer with 19 votes over her nearest competitor. Mona Roderick with 19 supporters more than Maravbelle Hilliard was elected program convenor. Betty Markle was made Decorations Convenor by a large majority, and Enid Buckingham was elected Refreshment Convenor with one vote more than Margaret Agrios. Jim Waterton was elected to the office of Sports Convenor with 65 votes.

The election results have brought considerable comment on the obviously feminine majority in this school. With only one boy on the executive it seems that the girls will rule supreme this term.

This executive will be in office for the remainder of the school year.

CAMROSE SCOUTS, GIRL GUIDES ATTEND
BADEN-POWELL MEMORIAL RITES

EMPIRE- WIDE SERVICE

The Boy Scouts and Girl Guides of Camrose joined the thousands of others throughout the British Empire on Sunday, January 20, in honoring the memory of their founder.

One hundred and fifty persons attended the memorial service in the Bailey Theatre at which Scouts and Guides in uniform paid homage to their leader who died January 8, in Africa.

The service was conducted by Dean Harrington of St. Francis Xavier church and Rev. Dr. Kerr of the United church with Scout Master Appleby assisting.

Rev. Dr. Kerr spoke briefly on the life ambitions of Lord Baden-Powell. Mr. Markle sang "REQUIEM".

Scouts in Camrose High are: Leon St. Pierre; Jules Francoeur; Hubert Hamel; Carlton Olson; Jim Richardson.

THIRTY FORMER STUDENTS OF C.H.S.
IN ACTIVE SERVICE

REPRESENTED IN ARMY, NAVY, AIRFORCE

With Canada's fighting forces, scattered throughout the British Empire, are thirty former students of Camrose High. The school is best represented in the army, where twenty one of the thirty are enlisted. The Navy follows with five former students, and the remaining three are with the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Some of these boys have already made names for themselves. This is particularly so of Stanley Pelan and Don Hartman, both members of the Destroyer H.M.C.S. Restigouche. Also in the Royal Canadian Navy are Harry Patrick, Howard Cartier and Maxwell Woskett.

Charlie Gau, Bev Stover and Bob Burgess are the most recent to enlist. Bill Bailey who left C.H.S. in the spring of 1940 to join the army is the only student who has left school since the beginning of the war for the purpose of enlisting.

With the Air Force are Bill Waterton, Pete Patrick, and Ellsworth Tanner.

C.H.S. OBTAINS NEW DUPLICATOR

QUANTITY OF SUPPLIES ALSO ARRIVES

A new \$150 Gestetner Duplicator was brought from Edmonton on Monday January 30, by Mr. Markle. Along with it a quantity of supplies including 3000 sheets of paper, 2 tubes of ink, and two quires of stencils arrived.

On Tuesday, January 28, the Gestetner equipment was augmented by an illuminated drawing board that was made in the shop by C.H.S. students.

The Gestetner was immediately prepared for the publication of the January 30 issue of the "Royal Blue and Gold."

A teacher in one of Boston's more advanced schools reports that she heard two of her little girls talking about their families. "My father went to Harvard", said one with pride. "Where did yours go?" "Oh he went to Harvard too, "Why is there any other place to go?"

Peers to Me

by Yoeman Richardson

..That the trouble with our hockey team lies among the players themselves seems that they cannot nor will not try to agree with each other. The boy's apparently do not understand the term "team-work". But they might learn the meaning if they would listen to what Coach Creighton or Coach Munn have to say. Oh /by the way, where are the team reporters, or have we any? Our rootin' action isn't doing so well either...

h. While I am on the subject of hockey I might ask what happened to the girl and junior boy's team. I have heard me of the younger lads talking about not getting any hockey. Well tote I uthe truth boys, if you get organized and choose a leader, instead of all crouching and complaining, you might still get somewhere. But who am I to offer any helpful suggestions?.....

...Mr. Markle, in his innocent manner, made a few of the English 3 standbys blush while disarming Romeo and Juliet. He claims that when people are in that stage known as "puppy love", they are not in love with someone but are in love with love. I take it for granted "Curly" is wasting his study hours...or might the puppies grow up and need a licence? Who knows?.....

...With a smashing climax the "Washroom" career of James Edward Waterton came to a close a few days ago. The proposition, Mr. Munn offered J.E.W. was "If you attend my classes you might get a passmark, if you do not I will tell the "Chief". A few days later Mr. Munn modified his offer,

"Jim", he said, "if you work hard, I'll let you take Geometry next year."

If our little friend Cupid is blind, I shouldn't be held responsible for meeting that little eleven year old lass, Whom the boys are heckling me about.....

Sorry, I have't been able to finish my column this month. I have sustained greivous injuries that have made it impossible to do so. I'll be back on the job next month with more Snoopy Scoops.

Yours,
Yoeman.

Women Failed.

A conscripted sheep herder was asked if there was any reason why his work should not be taken over by a women.

"A women once had the job, Sir and made a mess of it."

"And who was that?"

"Bo Peep, Sir"

-SPORTS-

ACE McDONALD/ SPORTS EDITOR.

CAMROSE HIGH DEFEATS PONOKA 4-1.

The C.H.S. Seniors scored their third win in seven starts in the Central Alberta H.S. League. Jan. 20. by trouncing the ponoka squad to the tune of 4-1.

After a somewhat drowsy period the score stood at 1-1, the Blue and Gold Aggregation came to life and outscored their opponents 4-1.

C.H.S. seemed to be inspired by the "pep" talks given between periods by Max Katz, defence star of the local Maroons.

Lorne Voder (our flashy import from the big stuff) counted for two while J. Richardson and O'Riorden (Pat) were the other marksmen.

Ketchen got the lone Ponoka goal. Lineups-Watson, Carter, Innes, Jones,

Ketchen, Malin, Morrison, Creighton, Schram, Sheir., Severson.

Camrose-Scheidegger, O'Riorden, Strong, Hoyme, Waterton, Johnson, Voder, Barrie, A. Richardson, Pearce, Reed, Dowling, Robertson, J. Richardson.

Officials-Webb & Noonan.

REGULAR WAR SAVINGS STAMP SALES TO BE HELD IN C.H.S..

First sales amount to \$3.75.

Jeanne Christensen, head of the committee in charge of War Saving Stamp Sales in C.H.S. announces that in the future Stamp sales will be held every Wednesday. The first of these sales took place Wed. Jan. 22. and the sales amounted to \$3.75.

Students are urged to get behind this effort and do their share in helping to win this war.

The following students are the room representatives: Ken Robertson, Joyce Olson, Margaret Whitmore, Jeanne Christensen and Dean Fowler.

PEANUT CASE CRACKED OPEN-

Investigation result of Oscars protest-does man come from monkey?

As Mr. Markle entered the library Tues. night he was heard to say "Ah, ha theres dirty work afoot", and there was indeed, for the floor was littered with P-nut shells. "Who done it?" After much cross examining the culprit took it one himself to borrow Oscar's broom and clean up the mess. The worst of it all was that the culprit wouldn't share up because he only had two pocketfuls left.

Oh, well we hope he won't do the same again.

-----Signed:
Cokey-nut.

ROYAL BLUE AND GOLD
SCHOLASTIC REPORTER.
-A.L.CARLSON-

THE INQUIRING REPORTER
-HELEN IRELAND-

OUR STUDENTS MAKE PERFECT MARKS IN
FIRST CURRENT EVENTS TEST OF YEAR.
Grade XI Makes Best Marks.

Miss Johnston's five Social Studies classes wrote their first current events test of the year on Jan. 9. One hundred and thirty six students wrote the test of which thirty nine were from Grade X. Forty from Grade XI and fifty seven from Grade XII.

Grade XI, by class average, made the best marks. Grade X was a close second and Grade XII was not far behind to rank third place.

Madeline McIlroy and Leroy Nelson and Maureen Spiers of Grade eleven and twelve made perfect marks while Eddie Shermack was the only Grade X student to get a perfect mark.

Grade twelve led with goose eggs. Four students from this grade got the well known zero. One from grade X and one from grade XI also hit rock bottom.

TOTAL OF 38 STUDENTS ENTER NEW TERM
WITH UNSOILED SCHOLASTIC RECORDS.
APPROXIMATELY 114 STUDENTS ALREADY
HAVE RED MARK RECORDS.
GRADE XI A HAS BEST RECORDS.

Out of approximately 152 students in the C.H.S., 38 passed the first October and December examinations without a single red mark. Grade XIA had more of the fortunate students. Nine out of a class of twenty three. Grade XIAA was a close second with eleven out of its thirty-one students coming through with unsoiled records. The other grades in order scored as follows: Grade XIB--four out of twenty; Grade X--eight out of forty one; and Grade XIIB--six out of thirty seven.

The students who merited mention are as follows: Grade X... Bill Christensen; Geraldine Galavan; Steve Hnyda; Betty Howarth; Helen Ireland; Dana Murray; Carlton Olson; and Margaret Turcotte. Grade XIA... Adeline Carlson; Jean Christensen; Florence Dylke; Ken Glatiotis; Audrey Goodsir; Rita Neal; Pat Nelson; Marion Shaw; and Beatrice Thomas. Grade XIB... Betty Freeman; John Tanner; Margaret Whitmore; and Jean Woods. Grade XIAA... Audrey Bradley; Betty Christian; Veronica Fitzpatrick; Pearl Hurlburt; Lawrence Monson; Jean Ohlsen; Corinne Olstead; Grace Skalin; Nellie Stephensen; Caroline Warneke; and Mary Williamson. Grade XIIB... Hubert Hamel; Beth Killam; Jean Scott; Ken Robertson; Stan Hnyda; and Coral Sanders.

The definition of a farmer:
A handy man with a sense of humor.

When asked the question "Do you think the High School Executive should support the C.H.S. Hockey team" the following pupils answered:

Jim Richardson- I think the executive should support the hockey team, but I also think that the high school students should come to the games.

Elroy Reed- Sure they should, but the kids should turn out too. That makes the proceeds higher, and the money all goes back to the executive.

Clarke Hansen- If the kids would turn out then the executive wouldn't have to support the team. As it is, it's the only support the team has.

Bert Burrows- No I think it should be supported by the High School Pupil

Kenneth Glatiotis- I think they should. The executive has always supported the hockey team. All the profits go back to them like the proceeds of the High School Parties.

Bob Dowling- The kids should turn out. But we need the support of the executive.

CLUBS- MELRA

The Public Speaking club met on the fifteenth of January.

Rita Neal spoke on "New Haven Home" the jail without locks. Helen Owen gave a candidate speech and Miss Johnston outlined debating for the members. Two teams were chosen to debate at the next meeting. All at the meeting were enjoyed immensely.

CROSS/STICKS

J is for Jim, by which he is known,
A for ability which he has shown.
S for the sun to shatter the gloom,
As soon as he enters a dreary school-room.

M is for money, he says he has none,
U for his humor, he's sure lots of fun,

N for numerals at which he excels,
N is his nature which all gloom dispels.

FLASH-- SCOOP-- etc.-etc.-

Heard in the teachers room Wed. after four, during a little indulgence of "Friendship in a Cup"--Miss Collins and young Miss Creighton singing a duet. "Cry Baby Cry" or the "Glub, Glub Blues". Give her back her rattle Marie.

The Family Man.

PATTER (patience please)

MORE PATTER-

When a young man asked Miss Johnston if he should draw "all the chins" present on a certain girls face in Art I sketching period, that gal was about ready to fly. (M.R. to you.)

-----All those who like L.G.s hat creations lack style.-----What happened the night N.B. came upon (accidently?) M.H. and K.M?-----For the people who want to ski, but just can't keep warm when old man-weather blows a chilly wind, ask Doris D., Marg. M., Russ B., And Bill M. how it is done. We heard they really pulled a fast one on the weather man, Fri. IO Confidentially, it knocked the wind out of me, too.

Hey, what's the matter?--can't anybody beg, steal, or borrow more than two cars to truck the hockey team around? Something's lacking somewhere. (apart from cars.)

Jim Dowling seems to have a hard time getting safely around corners With that car of his. Keep a firm grip-----on the wheel, James.

Bob M., young ace pool-player declares himself Champ. of afore-mentioned snooker shack. Really, is he good?

-----Say kids-when is the next dance at Bawlf? I want to get in on this one. (Contributed)

-----Russ is sorta down in the mouth these days. Girl trouble, Russ?

Heard in the hall-----Leoda G. cooing to Bert Burrows that she was mad at him. (The tone of voice didn't suit the mood.)-----Heh CHuck, what happened to your latest blonde?-----Dorothy M. voicing her wishes which were "gee, I'd like to go to Edmonton".-----Just heard.-"I'd sure love to go to Ponoka again" That's fun."

Anyone interested in skiing is advised to take the week end ski train to the Battle River Chateau. We hear it has all facilities, red hot blondes and cold brunettes. Balcony windows overlooking hay field. It has become very popular with the skiers of C.H.S. Guaranteed, only one casualty at a time.

Jim Dowling gave up the idea of a mustache. Either bristles wouldnt sprout -there was too much heckling or that girl in Ponoka objected.

The C.H.S. hockey players are getting more like sailors every game. A girl in every port.

Who is that young Wetaskiwin blade that wears that ritzy buffalo coat. He sure seems popular with the Camrose girls. Maybe it's that voice they go for.

cont' from 2nd column

colt and you go to bed. You wake up in the morning with double petunia.

Somebody ask Chuck Strong how he likes "great big blondes".

Bob Dowling can make eyes better than any girl in the C.H.S.

Seen-Helen Ireland with two soldiers. Don't be greedy Helen.

Did C.S., N.B., R.W., have fun in Wetaskiwin after the last Hi-game? What time did they get home, and who detained them.

-----which remains me, -let's support the Hi-hockey games. There's lotsa new faces, girlies.

It's rumored that the House Ec. II class are to entertain the staff at a tea on Feb. II. I'll bet Mr. Munn will be there on time, at least ring the "four o'clock whistle" at four.

LATEST ROMANCES.

Adeline C. and Cliff C.,

Dean F. and Jean-Audrey C.,

----doing very well while show was on.

OH. TO BE A SOLDIER.

The soldiers up on the hill

Give the C.H. girls many a thrill.

When they march in threes by the high,

You should see them stand and sigh. (signed 'Heckler'.)

Was Miss Johnston thoroughly pleased with all answers submitted by the teachers concerning the definition of a totalitarian state.

A group of kids went skiing to the river the other night. From all indications (Marion's swollen leg, Bill's baggy eyes) a super time was had by all. Those who went were Dorrie D., Russ B., Marion D., and Roy R., Margie, and grammie's little lamb.

What young Hi student was caught Mon. afternoon indulging in an early afternoon smoke. Got a light Mark?

Miss Johnston-"What is double petunia?"

Kieth Wattie-"Well, a petunia is a flower like a begonia. A begonia is a meat like a sausage. A sausage and battery is a crime. Monkeys crime trees. Trees a crowd. A rooster crowd in the morning and made a noise. A noise is on your face like your eyes. They eyes is the opposite of the nays. A horse nays; a hose has a colt. You get a

The "ROYAL BLUE & GOLD" is published monthly by the students of Moose High School.

It is sold by the copy and may be obtained by prearrangement from Bob Rogers, Business Manager, or when it is distributed from the room salesman. Price per copy, five cents.

The staff of the Royal Blue and Gold is as follows:

Editor-in-Chief-J.W.E. Markle
 Editor-in-Chief-Stan Hnyda
 Associate Editor-Bill Christiansen
 News Editor-Corine St.Pierre
 Sports Editor-Bob MacDonald
 Rewrite Editor-Peggy Skjeie
 Business Manager-Bob Rogers

1940 EXECUTIVE FINANCIAL REPORT *

The retiring executive provides for the benefit of the student body the following financial statement covering all receipts and expenditures from September to December 1940.

RECEIPTS

Articles:	80.35	
	<u>33.35</u>	113.70
Program:		10.40
Sports:	9.00	
	<u>3.78</u>	
	<u>5.67</u>	
		18.45
Total Receipts		<u>142.55</u>

EXPENDITURES

Articles:		
Decorations	14.76	
Misc.	10.55	
Music	35.00	
Refreshments	<u>21.64</u>	81.95
Sports:		
Equipment	15.62	
General Exps.	<u>5.83</u>	21.45
Stationary:		
Stamps		1.92
Red Cross:		10.00
Petty Cash:		<u>1.15</u>
Total Expenditures		<u>116.47</u>
Cash on Hand:		6.29
Deposit in Bank:		20.13

EDITORS NOTE:

The "Royal Blue and Gold" will endeavour to present regularly financial reports, such as the preceeding one, and reviews of the actions of the executive for the benefit of the student body. Further, the "Royal Blue and Gold" will try to serve as a means through which the student body can express its opinions concerning the executive and its actions or on any other school or related matter. Such opinions should be submitted in letter form and be of not more than 200 words in length.

THROUGH THE EDITORS GOGGLES

The hockey team in its attempt to gain financial support of the student body has struck upon the old and obsolete theme of school loyalty. The results, so far, have been disappointing; the gate receipts being a little more than the teams expenses for the student support is far below what it should be.

Though the 100 odd students who have never attended a C.H.S. game wouldn't know it, there is more than poor attendance wrong with games. The biggest of those shortcomings is the low grade of hockey played. It is granted that, individually, the boys play with a fair amount of skill; some can skate with gazelle like speed and grace and can 'stick-handle' well. But when it to team-work and play-making they appear helpless. The first game I saw did not come near high school standards of hockey; it was something like what might be expected from grade school boys. Men were out of position, using bad tactics in checking, obsolete tactics in defense and, it seems, no tactics in offense. The result was confusion and a victory for the visitors.

If the boys want to get the students support which, they feel, they have a right to expect, and to get near the playoffs they'll have to learn to play hockey in short order. People may give their sympathy freely, but when it comes to giving money they want its worth in other value- in this case, good hockey. The rates of admission to the games can't be much lower but neither can the brand of hockey displayed.

REPORT ON THE "ROYAL BLUE & GOLD"

Results of the sale of the last issue of the "R.B.&G." showed that if the paper was going to be of a generous size-12 pages or so-it couldn't realize its expenses by sales alone. The School Board came to the rescue by offering to pay the publishing expenses. Also it blessed the "R.B.&G." as well as school by purchasing a Gestetner Duplicator. This machine will enable the staff to work more effeciently and some of the big boys, who are not on the staff, to get ink all over their faces as well as correcting fluid on their fingernails.

It will be necessary to reorganize the staff of the "R.B.&G." in the interests of effecieny with the result that there will probably be important vacancies. Anyone who wishes to serve on the staff may apply to the Editor.

TO THE EXECUTIVE

I wish to congratulate the new executive on its election and to wish it the greatest success in all its executive undertakings.

THE EDITOR

Who's Who by the Editor Mr. Creighton

Thomas Kenneth Creighton- Mr. Creighton to you-came to Edmonton Alberta in 1912 from Yellowgrass Saskatchewan, the place of his birth. He was born in 1908 in that prairie town and at present has no recollections of his first home beyond that it was situated on bald prairie that was populated mainly by gophers.

Young Tom Creighton got all his education, from grade one to twelve at Edmonton. He attended such schools in the city as the Queen Alec, Oliver MacKay, King Edward Junior High and Strathcona High. Mr. Creighton confesses that he was not an exceptional student. His favorite subjects were the sciences and the maths. Though he had no difficulty at all with them he had the misfortune once of getting a mark that may be familiar to some of Mr. Munn's students; seventeen in Geometry.

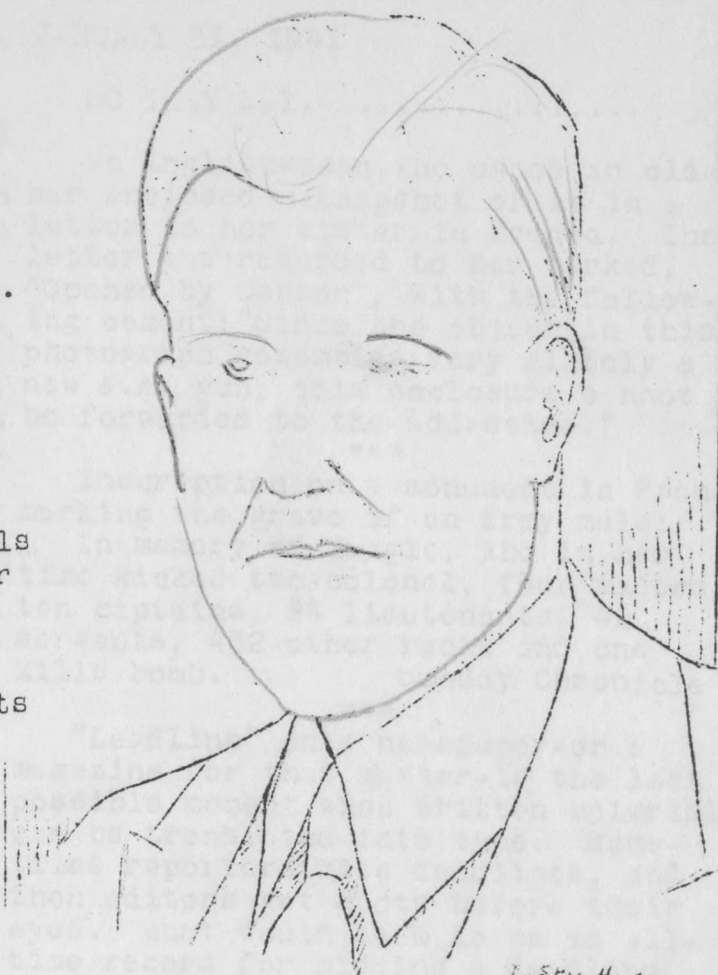
Mr. Creighton attended Camrose Normal in 1926-27 along with Mr. and Mrs. Munn (then not married), Nora Young (now Mrs. C. Clark), Mr. Mallett of the Intermediate School, and Mr. Lunelius a former C.H.S. teacher. In 1929-30 he attended the U. of A. then taking engineering. The depression made it necessary for him to discontinue his education and to take to teaching. When he returned to the U. of A. in 1933 he took Arts. In 1935 he graduated with Miss Collins. In the last four years Mr. Creighton has been taking a post graduate course at Columbia University. He is studying the teaching of natural sciences and is working for his Master of Arts degree. In one more year he expects to have achieved his goal.

In his school days Mr. Creighton had a number of reliable sources of income. A Bulletin route netted him about seven dollars a week. He used to get up a five in the morning to deliver his papers. Hunting for golf balls and caddying were other ways he rolled in the silver. His hobby of raising rabbits and guinea pigs was profitable; he sold rabbits to Dr. Collip, a co-discoverer of insulin, who used them in his experiments at the U. of A.

His teaching career began in 1931; he taught grades one to four at Willow Creek School (near Leduc). He taught there for one year. In 1935-36 he was the principal of Smoky Lake High. In 1936-37 he taught science at Vermilion High. He came to Camrose in the fall of 1937 (Miss Johnson also came that year) and as all know, he has taught science since.

In June 1939 Mr. Creighton married Miss Alma Griffith who was at that time a teacher at the Russel School.

(Continued on



GUEST EDITORIAL by Mr. Creighton

Today you and I, as members of one of the self-governing dominions of the British Commonwealth, are at war for the cause of democracy.

Democracy? You have probably heard so much and read so much about democracy that my conception may be just so much more to confuse you. Be that as it may, your Social Studies teacher might appreciate still another approach to this topic. Democracy might be thought of as that environment developing distinctive personalities by the mutual sharing of interests and upon faith in the intelligence of common men.

We have, here in our own school, an example of our democratic way of life. Each student, as a member of the student body, has certain obligations to that group. We must all be ready at all times to shoulder the responsibilities that such a body puts upon us. Your main purpose in attending High School is to better prepare yourself for the most intelligent solution of problems in later life. Nevertheless you are one of a group; you must work with your teachers and fellow students if you hope to get the greatest satisfaction for your time and effort. Too often we tend to take our responsibilities too lightly. Responsibilities no matter how trivial, must be given our earnest consideration and acted upon to the best of our ability.

Your class room studies present numerous problems (too often of the text book type) the solution of which gives you the knowledge for the solution of other similar problems.

(Continued on

WHO'S WHO-MR. CREIGHTON
(Continued from the previous page)

Their daughter Victoria was born on May 24th, 1940. Father is proud to say that he and daughter get along very well-so far.

Mr. Creighton has always been interested in sports. During his high school and college days he played hockey and rugby. In his last year at Strathcona High he was captain of the rugby team that won the provincial championship. In his college days, too, he was on a rugby team that won the provincial honors. Though he is not able to participate actively in these sports any more, he is still very much interested in them. At present he assists Mr. Gunn in coaching the C.H.S. hockey team. Golfing, fishing, (he'll fish for anything; jacks, trout, or old boots) and hunting (ducks mostly) are the sports he tries his hand at when the opportunity to do so presents itself. He has no other interests, sports or otherwise, other than listening to the radio. His social activity is limited, more or less, to participating in the social functions of the Kinsmen.

GUEST EDITORIAL-MR. CREIGHTON
(Continued from the previous page)

This accumulation of facts enables us to make intelligent responses to various situations. If we practice the scientific method at all, we must consider the opinion of others unless we can find fault in their reasoning-an open unbiased mind (easier said than done).

The individual is not a free lance in a democracy. He must adopt himself to life with his fellow men-he must co-operate for the good of all. Society frowns on those who break her conventions; the law meets out punishment to those who abuse the rights of others; and a team taking part in competitive sport has little success if its players go their own sweet way. What the individual may think, what he may do, may be entirely right in his own opinion, but when his opinion is such that it does not work for the good of the group as a whole the individual must adapt himself to that which is for the good of the group.

A London hostess who issued an invitation to a captain of Allied troops, requesting "the pleasure of his company", was surprised, but not disappointed when he appeared with his company of a 150 men. Friends helped her serve luncheon to all of them

*
*

SO THEY SAY.....

An Englishwoman who owned an old car enclosed a snapshot of it in a letter to her sister in France. The letter was returned to her marked, "Opened by Censor", with the following comment: "Since the object in this photograph resembles very closely a new A.A. gun, this enclosure cannot be forwarded to the addressee."

Inscription on a monument in France marking the grave of an army mule:

In memory of Maggie, who in her time kicked two colonel, four majors, ten captains, 24 lieutenants, 42 sergeants, 432 other ranks and one Mills bomb.

Sunday Chronicle

"Deadline" on a newspaper-or a magazine for that matter-is the last possible moment when written material can be translated into type. Sometimes reporters miss deadlines, and then editors get spots before their eyes. What would seem to be an all-time record for missing a deadline turned up recently at Alvinston, Ont. when a column of ready cast metal bearing the report of an address made to the British Parliament by Queen Victoria, in 1890, was finally delivered to its destination. The type had been shipped to a weekly newspaper, then lost in transit.

Workmen tearing down a freight shed a few weeks ago found the package where it had fallen through a crevice in a double boarded wall, but it was half a century past its deadline.

Perhaps we do not have the misfortune of losing an assignment, but sometimes we are late in handing them in. This of course makes extra and last minute work for the editor and the typists. The remedy for a situation like this is, "Get your assignments in before the deadline". (Take note, staff of the Royal Blue and Gold)

Good Time Coming

A Gestapo agent was giving the third degree to a German schoolboy.

"Have you a picture of the Fuehrer hanging at home?"

"No, sir."

"Well have you a portrait of Marshal Goering?"

"No, sir."

"Well at least you have a photo of Dr. Goebbels?"

"No, sir."

"No one?"

"Excuse me sir, my father says he will make up for this when he gets out of the concentration camp by hanging all of them up.

Parade.

*

GRUB STREET
A SECTION FOR THE LITERARY EFFORTS OF THE STUDENTS

THE WILL OF GOD -by Pat Nelson

"I'm so cold, so sleepy," sighed the ill-clad figure. It stumbled, got up, and then slumped down in the snow.

The little cart came doggedly on. The old mule picked his way carefully, still the farmer's bulk shifted heavily in the small wagon. Suddenly, disfigured by the spirits, the little cart stopped. The laborer descended, took hold of the harness and started forward. It was then that he noticed the fallen figure. He went to offer a helping hand.

The blizzard had "let up" a little when the cart pulled into a farm-yard, the man again lowered himself to the ground and led the mule to the sod barn. After unhitching, the mule and finding him into the barn; he turned his attention to the still bundle wrapped in the vegetable sacks on the floor of the cart.

The door of the cabin opened and the light shone out into the night. The bustling woman inside rushed to the door, drying her hands on her apron. Her husband carried in his bundle, he looked at him questioningly, but did nothing. He carried it to the side bunk at the end of the lone room and laid it down carefully. He knew not if it were man or woman, but he cared not. It was some lost soul in urgent need of help. Then he turned, and without a word walked out to care for the mule.

The woman busied herself, unwrapping the bundle. Why, it was a child girl not more than twelve! She removed the scanty clothing, put on an overly-large gown, and placed the nearly frozen child in bed.

When the man returned, his wife had fed the child some broth and the pale child smiled in her deep sleep. He walked away and took his place at the table. The woman placed the steaming food on the table and sat down, too. They talked sparsely and then only of affairs in town, never mentioning the child.

That night they knelt in prayer. As usual, the man spoke the prayer aloud

CROSS-STICKS

C for Miss Collins, whom everyone knows
O for the order among the rows,
L is her laughter so merry and gay,
L is the Latin she teaches each day,
I is immaculate always in her dress
N is for naughty-at sometimes we confess,
S is her standing in our Camrose High,
She's tops with us all, that we won't deny.

adding these words of thanks, "Oh Lord, we are thankful for this human gift to share our few possession and our great love. We have but little, but we want her to stay. Please let her, amen."

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A TEACHER'S SOLILOQUY ON MARRIAGE.

To teach or not to teach;
That is, the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind
To suffer the toils and cares of
four dozen children.
Or to take arms against a sea
of troubles,
And by marrying, end them.
To love, to marry perchance to
be miserable.
Ah, there 's the rub--
For 'em that statocallwed wedlock
What trouble may come
When we have shuffled off our
happy girlhood?
There 's the reason that makes
us bear the ills we have
Rather than fly to those we know
not of.

Parody on "Hamlet's Soliloquy on
Death"--Helen Ireland...

//////////

LIMERICKS

There once was a boy in the
school,
Who did nothing but sit on a
stool;
"This learning," he said,
"Will not stay in my head,
And, besides, I'd much rather play
pool."
Caroline Warneke.

The Greeks who are fighting
to-day,
Are upright, and hearty, and gay,
The Dagoes he's said
Are much worse than if dead,
For they merely can run the
wrong way.
Audrey Goodsir.

Benito was proud of his fleet,
So he tried to tramp on our
feet,
He went in with a grin
And came out on his chin,
For, rowboats are not hard to
beat.
Ernie Pearce.

Dad's the Question Mark.
Wayne: I would marry Avis but for
one thing.
Dick: Afraid to pop the question?
Wayne: No, but I'm afraid to
question the pop.

A woman needs a chaperone until
she can call some chap her own.

VARIETY UNLIMITED

A Refugee Child's Letter

The lines which follow were written by a little twelve year old girl, Joan Bagnal. Her home is in Surrey, England. She is in the United States "for the duration". Her letter will touch the hearts of Americans everywhere.

"First I want to thank Americans who are so kind to the children who have come here to stay while bombs are falling over England. The American correspondent of the paper my daddy writes for in London wrote and offered to take a child of one of the staff. I was picked for the lucky one. I know I am lucky to be here. But forgive me for being homesick.

Sometimes when I think of home I could almost rather live in a dugout. I could be with my mummy and daddy and Colin. You see, Colin is only three and a half years old and he will never be three and a half years old again and I am missing all that. We have a home and a lovely garden, but no air-raid shelter. When the warning sounded we all used to go and hide under the dining room table or in the closet.

Do you know one of the worst things of this war? We English are afraid of the sunshine. In the terribly bad weather in England the war slowed down, but when the sun shone we could not forget or play as we had played, because the siren could sound and we would have to run in the house and hide. After it was over, my brother Colin and our dog Mickey, would run back into the garden and play as though nothing had happened, but I could not.

I sometimes wonder if you know how friendly your America is. Even in Central Park the pigeons have perched on my hand, and the squirrels have run towards me as though they had known me for years. Before we came here we knew you loved freedom, like the English. But we did not think that you would be so much like our fathers and mothers. We did not think that you would try to give us the same love you would give your own children. We shall try hard not to bother you. We shall try to make ourselves your best friends because you have been such good friends to us.

"This Week" New York.

He'll Stay Sick

A conceited young man had been in the hospital for some time and had been extremely well looked after by a pretty nurse.

"Nurse," said the patient one morning, "I'm in love with you. I don't want to get well."

"Don't worry," replied the nurse cheerfully, "you won't. The doctor's in love with me too, and he saw you kissing me this morning."

HUMOR

She'll Find Out

Marine Corporal (at party): "Do you know that ugly sap of an officer standing over there? He's the meanest egg I have ever seen."

She: "Do you know who I am? I am that officer's daughter."

Corporal: "Do you know who I am?"

She: "No."

Corporal: "Thank goodness!"

Worn But Good

A Scotsman in a state of great agitation, rang up a doctor.

"Come at once," he cried, "my baby has swallowed a dime!"

"How old is it?" asked the doctor.

"1894."

No Unemployment Here

"Do I really need my coat brushed?" asked the passenger in the Pullman.

"Does yo!" exclaimed the porter with great emphasis. "Boss, I'se broke!"

She Lit Another Match

A sorrowful widow having a memorial erected in memory of her late husband, had the following inscription carved upon it:

"Good-bye, Henry, my light has gone out."

Three months later when she remarried, some wit added to the inscription:

"But I've struck another match."

Hard to Pick

He was very angry at being kept waiting at the station.

"So you had difficulty in finding me, eh?" he protested to the chauffeur. "Didn't your master describe me?"

"Yes, sir," the chauffeur replied, "but there are so many baldheaded old duffers with red noses!"

Picturesque Speech

The streets were so quiet and deserted that we heard our footsteps following us home.

To find out a girl's faults, praise her to her girl friends.

Happiness is like a kiss: you have to share it to have it.

Epitaphs

Suggested epitaph for Adolf Hitler's tombstone: This is definitely my last territorial demand.

Samuel Goldwyn: I want a film that begins with an earthquake and works up to a climax.

WHO'S YER WHOODY

BY BILL MURPHY

An interview is being taken of me of our most worthy students. We are searching for hidden talents. Some of these talents are indeed hidden, being displayed modestly in quiet corners. (Know anyone like this P.C.)

The first person I hopefully approach is a lad from the male section. The boy of a thousand smiles, a man of true colors, (Brunettes preferred). This genial gentleman, gentle and jolly is none other than old C.H. C is for Charles, H is for Harry, Henry, Harvey, Hewey or what have you. And S is for Strong. I approach him stealthily, pen in hand. He gets the point and confesses.

My first question is, "What's your name?"

"Charlie" is his beaming answer.

"Charlie--well, well, that's a pretty name isn't it?"

And Charlie answers with all the zest of his 200 lb. frame.

"Uh-huh".

"Now Charlie will you answer the following questions?"

"Are you as I have said -partial to brunettes?"

"Well, yes and no, you see there was once a brunette and we---Say---wait a minute, you can't print this."

So friends we have another unsolved mystery.

But I go on. "What is your favorite pastime in school?"

"Studying natural curves"

"In school hours, but out of school?"

"Conversing on matters of plumbing at the establishment"

"And out of school hours?"

"Well that depends upon the company".

Now that we know what your pastimes are, what road of life would you like to follow? The straight and narrow, perchance?

"Nuts to that stuff, I'll take the broad and crooked, lined with wild women and things, it's a sailor's life for me."

#####

"During the odd periods that you take during the day, what one stands in your mind as being the most colorful, the most fascinating? What one shakes you and fills you with awe?"

"After some colorful thought would you say Mr. Munn, I would."

"And why Mr. Munn?"

"Well he has an effective way of necking."

"Our staff thanks Mr. Chuck Strong for his honest answers. In the words of the staff, I say thanks pal."

Who's your Woody. (continued)

Now I turn my attention to that dapper youth, a Knight of the Green table, Bob Mac Donald.

Says I, "Bob, as a man who has been behind the eight ball and has solved the difficult plays, would you say you are in any danger of any severe competition, from any of the other agile "snooker sharks"?

"Well it's like this, I've been coaching young Hook Robertson and he's doing fine. I think if he practices a lot he will someday fill my boots very well. The main thing is practice. He has the endurance but he needs the practice."

"Bob I understand that you are also a chartered member of the Knights of the Exalted Thumb. Do you predict happy travelling this summer due to the expected tourist traffic?"

"Thanks Bob I think the students of this fine art of thumbing will heed the words of wisdom coming from the "The Voice of Experience".

//-----//

This section of the paper is to be free from all advertising. But as a personal favor I am announcing that private ski lessons will be given in moonlight classes by Ole McIntyre. I might add that till you have had these lessons, you have a lot to learn."

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"Now to interview an Irishman with a Swiss-minded brain. The name --Spud Duggan."

"Now Spud, it is rumored that you ski from cheek to cheek. Is it so?"

"No I ski on my feet"

"With or without skis"

"Which do you find more difficult, climbing up hill or falling down?"

"Falling down of course"

"And why is that?"

"Well, anyone can climb a hill but it isn't everyone that can bounce."

It has indeed been a thrill in my dull life to interview these pre-eminent students. It isn't hard to see, they will go a long way in life via the thumb or in the stretcher.

Good by now, Don't miss next issues thrilling confessions. Who knows, they might be yours??"

///-----///.

HUMOR

Daffynitions-

Oil-English type of nobility.

Quote-Two pints.

Dust-Mud with juice squeezed out.

Ox- To make a request.

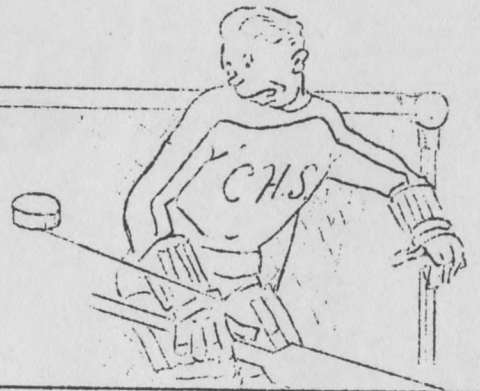
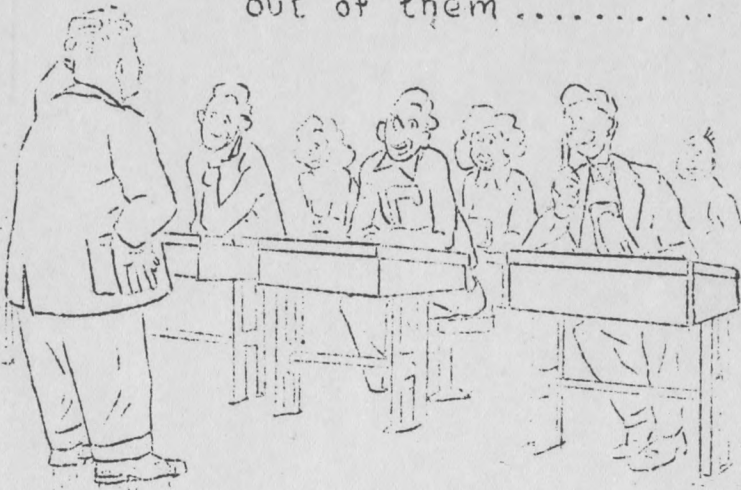
Sulphur-To bear pain.

SCHOOL-DAZE

JOE BUSH SAYS

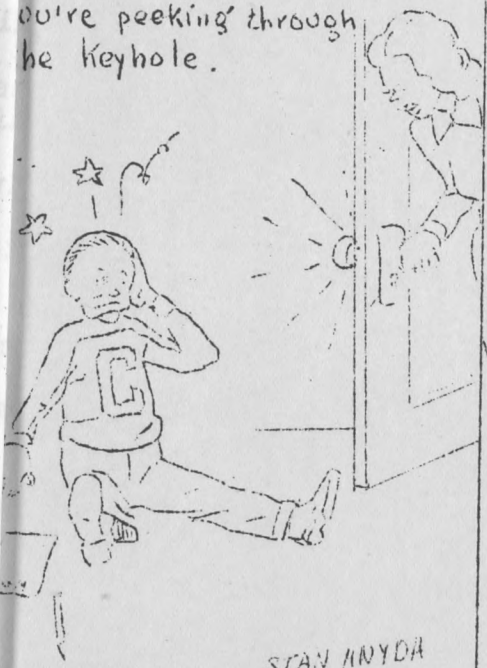
"I'm not superstitious but when the score is 13-0 for the visitors and there are only five minutes of play left in the third period, I think we're going to lose!"

When there is a class you'd think this outfit at school for the first time; they don't know thing - it seems - and you can't get a peep out of them



erman, a "R.B.&G." reporter believes that there is nothing embarrassing as having someone open the door when you're peeking through the keyhole.

But get them into some back seats in a spare and you can't hear yourself think for the chatter. Their information is nearly limitless, varied, reputed to be reliable and of such a nature that it can't be printed as news in the "Royal Blue and Gold".



So he wants to run the hockey team! Well, all I got to say is that a guy with a face like his should devote his life to scaring little children.

Yah! And he dances with the grace of a ten-ton truck. Why he trod my feet so badly that I couldn't go to school next day! Not that I wanted to but

Besides he called old - er the coach uncomplimentary names. He'd be expelled if I had my way and I should!



STAN HNYDA
Jan 21/40

This scene takes place about five minutes before every deadline. Despite the fact the staff had since Christmas to work on their assignments they find that at this critical moment they have little to hand in!

For the last two weeks I've been going out with Ambrose and between thinking of him and doing my home-

I wish the Editor was like the teachers then we could use those excuses for not having our work done. But he knows them all...

work I haven't had time to do my assignments

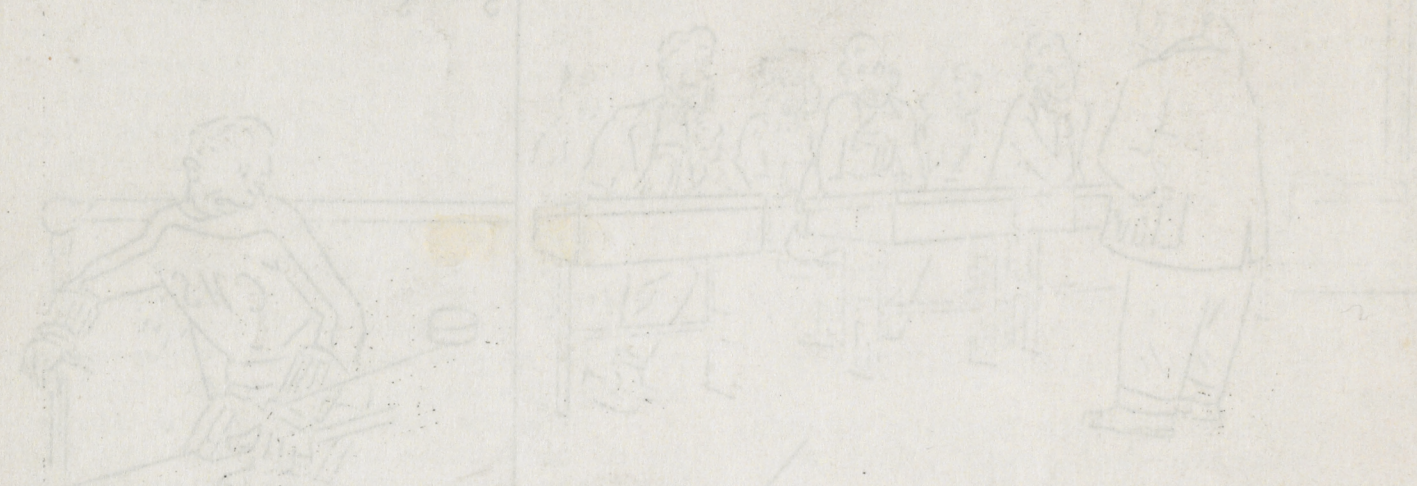
I wonder if the Ed would take the excuse that I didn't write my column because of all the home work I had to do. If he finds out that I've been using the same excuse with the teachers and have done neither homework nor column - !!!

Come on gang lets go in now. We've got nothing to lose but our jobs.



SCHOOL DAYS

When there is school, you know it's time to go. It seems like you don't get a break out of them. I think we're going to lose it.



When there is school, you know it's time to go. It seems like you don't get a break out of them. I think we're going to lose it.

When there is school, you know it's time to go. It seems like you don't get a break out of them. I think we're going to lose it.



When there is school, you know it's time to go. It seems like you don't get a break out of them. I think we're going to lose it.

